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A MEMORIAL  
OF  
THE LATE  
MRS. RENTON.



**60001333J**





# A BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

## MRS. RENTON,

OF TILSTOCK PARSONAGE, SHROPSHIRE,

ESPECIALLY IN HER DECLINING DAYS.

SHE GENTLY FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1852.



WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,

24, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1852.

210. L. 355.

ADDRESSED TO

THE INHABITANTS OF TILSTOCK,

AND OTHER FRIENDS.

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"Be followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—HEB. vi. 12.

"For yet a little while, and he that will come shall come, and will not tarry."—HEB. x. 37.

THIS humble tribute is published as a *testimony* to the truth of the Gospel; a *witness* for Jesus, and an *evidence* of the Holy Spirit's manifestations in the heart and life of a true believer.

May it prove as the *widower's* mite cast into the Spiritual Treasury, acceptable to Him who despiseth not the smallest offering, and useful to his Church and people ! Or, like her of whom it speaks, may it be found as a tributary stream gliding gently through the vale, refreshing and fertilizing as it passes on, till it reaches its final destination, and its origin and end will be answered.

"All is in His hands whose praise I seek,  
Whose frown can disappoint the highest strains,  
Whose approbation prosper even mine."





SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE LATE MRS. RENTON.

---

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You with me have sustained an irreparable bereavement in the loss of my dearest associate and help-mate in your best interests. You earnestly desire some account of my dear partner's declining days and happy death ; and for your instruction and encouragement, and to “glorify the grace of God” in her, I will endeavour to supply it. Expect, however, a very, very inadequate and imperfect sketch, but accept it as an humble tribute to her memory. I know there is scarcely a heart in the whole district but beats with grateful, though mournful, emotion at the mention or remembrance of her name, and many other dear and sympathizing friends

cherish her memory with true and tender affection. She is indeed deeply lamented, and this may be a season favourable for solemn, sacred, and lasting impressions. God grant that His good Spirit may enstamp them on us all!

For nearly seventeen years my dearest companion has been united with me, among you, in works of "faith and labours of love." In our union—a union of Spirit in the Lord, as well as the nearest and dearest earthly connexion—she gave herself more simply and unreservedly to her God and Saviour. "Now," (she wrote to a friend,) "*now* I give myself to Christ for ever." Henceforth "to serve the Lord Christ"—to live with Him and for Him and to Him, in union with her husband, was her one single purpose, aim, and object. She renounced the world, its trifles and its pleasures, for she "had proved them vain," and sought and found true enjoyment in pursuits and employments most congenial to a devoted follower

of Christ. Those of another mind might not appreciate her spirit or her principles ; but one thing is certain, the time is coming on when all will acknowledge the wisdom and the happiness of " following the Lord fully."

" His life may be accounted folly, and his end without honour, but how is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints of Jesus." (Vide 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.)

Thus entirely devoted, the dear and inseparable companion of my steps was daily among you in visits of charity, " ready to every good word and work," " going about doing good," and seeking your truest happiness. No cottage, but its inmates welcomed her footsteps ; scarcely a family, or a member of a family, but hailed her approach as a messenger of mercy. " When the ear heard her, then it blessed her. When the eye saw her, it gave witness to her." (Job xxix. 11.) Her own sweet spirit diffused itself to all

around. She lived and moved in an element of kindness and love. Who can ever forget her pleasant, cheerful countenance—the sweetness of her smile—her affectionate melodious voice—her fine, though delicate, form—her beautiful features, mildly beaming with mental serenity—her affable manners—*all, all* employed in her Master's service, and, beloved friends, all for your benefit. She might have graced another sphere, but here she was content, yea happy, to dwell, and let her "light so shine among you, that ye might glorify her Father which is in heaven."

The children in the School, especially, have cause to feel, and do feel and mourn her loss. In our regular attendance in this important sphere of labour, there was none but sought to catch her encouraging looks and cheering smile. All seemed happy in pressing near to share her approbation and listen to her instruction. Some hymn, or portion of Scripture, was con-

tinually repeated to her from memory, and she would dwell upon its meaning, and seek to impress it upon the youthful mind.

“ She tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

The Church, too, has suffered a sad and serious loss. She loved the Sanctuary and service of God, and greatly delighted in its ordinances.

You well know that she was never absent, when able, from her sacred and consecrated place. There she sought communion with her Lord and Saviour—there she found His presence and His blessing, and was strengthened and refreshed in her soul. There she raised her melodious voice in the songs of Zion, and always led in the congregational praises. For years past she trained the singing choir, and the Church psalmody was under her management and direction. It has been the general remark that the

Church is not like the same since the Lord withdrew her from it; and, alas! alas! it is but too true. All and everything seems to say, *One is not*; the devoted and heavenly-minded worshipper is wanting. Her absence leaves a melancholy void; her presence seemed to warm and animate the devotion of those around her. If, perchance, the eye of the pious Villager caught her appearance either in the Psalms, the prayers, or the singing,—in listening to the Gospel message, or bowing her knees before the table of the Lord to receive the memorials of his love, the heart would feel the sacred influence and inwardly breathe its aspirations, for more of the same mind. “Bless her for loving and serving my Saviour so much! Oh! that I had more of a kindred spirit.”

The thoughtless and unconcerned would also yield to this salutary influence, and be awed into decent and attentive behaviour.

Some are ready to say, "The glory is departed." But we will remember, "*The Lord liveth*," and His presence and His Spirit are the glory and consolation of His Church on earth; and we will also remember, that the beloved one we lament hath joined the blessed company above, the great Congregation of Angels and Archangels, and the Spirits made perfect on high. The mortal tabernacle, "which shall put on immortality," rests beneath the spot, the hallowed spot, where she so often united with us in adoration and praise of the same Lord. Our *union is not dissolved; we are one in Christ*, and "abiding in Him," and pressing onward and homeward, we will hope ere long to attain its perfect consummation and bliss in glory everlasting.

But a Female's special province is her home, and there her true character is best known. It was here my beloved wife was most appreciated and most loved. She was of a social disposition, and possessed



the sweetest natural temper refined and regulated by a Divine Spirit. Meek, gentle, affectionate, loving, she created an element of peace and repose for her husband and her household.

Life, especially domestic life, is made up of little things, a succession or routine of hourly occurrences or family concerns, and here is the trial and test of character. On public occasions, or visits of friendship or courtesy, some appear to advantage and appear what they are not; but follow a man or a woman home—*there* they are at ease and unrestrained, and then you observe what they really are. Many a pleasant companion abroad may be the very reverse at home, and by harsh or arbitrary or sullen dispositions, or by fretfulness or petulance or passion, render the domestic circle unhappy and wretched. My home, "sweet home," was entirely otherwise. Here, in unfailing affection, in tender concern for others, in mild and gentle influence, was manifested the loving

and lovely spirit and temper of my dearest Partner. Love, unceasing love, and kindness ran through all the domestic scene, and like the precious unction on Aaron's garments, or the dew on Hermon's Hill, diffused itself to every part and softened and sweetened the whole. (Ps. cxxxiii. 1.) "Behold, brethren, how good and how pleasant thus to dwell together in unity!"

But how changed the scene!—"desolation, distress, and sorrow indescribable." "Thy will, O God, be done!" "Yea, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"

The grand secret of all these virtues was from a Divine Spirit, sought in continual and earnest prayer. The greatest stress was laid by my dearest Associate on this point, and all the hymns and prayers and collects, which implore the light, and life, and love, and grace, and peace of the Holy Ghost were frequently adopted and used by her. In the same mind she read

the Scriptures daily and most attentively; and there is scarcely a page in her Bible but bears some affecting mark or note of careful meditation and prayerful perusal. She found this blessed volume "the lamp to her feet and the light to her path." Its promises were her support and consolation; and its invitations and warnings, precepts and examples, were no less cordially received for admonition, and instruction, and encouragement in righteousness. A favourite work with my dearest wife, which she read and delighted to read continually, was, "Devotional Comments" on the Holy Scriptures, by a blessed saint and endeared friend whom she has now met in glory. This work is remarkable for the spirituality and unction which pervade throughout every page in every volume, and the earnest, affecting appeals to the throne of grace contained in the prayer annexed to every portion. The Commentary of Scott and Henry united used to form a part of her daily

reading, ere she met with the above, nor was it afterwards laid aside.

On a Sabbath evening, so long as my dear wife was able, she assembled the Domestic and other young persons in the Kitchen to instruct them in religion, and concluded with singing and prayer. Thus her household servants and others in the morning of life, were not left in ignorance and unconcern; but she taught them the good and the right way, to forsake "lying vanities," and give themselves up to God, and walk before him "in singleness of heart." Nor were her labours in vain in the Lord, as will appear hereafter. But some thoughtless Ones, in reading this, may be reminded of their sin and folly in neglecting these opportunities; and let them lay it well to heart, that if they continue to neglect "the day of their visitation," better they had never been born. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation!" Oppor-

tunity misimproved once passed, can never be recalled. It is gone for ever, but the responsibility and the loss who can calculate? “*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.” “Remember thy Creator and thy Redeemer in the days of thy youth.”

From my own not unfrequent attacks of illness and poor state of health, my dearest partner also undertook to conduct family devotion, and did conduct it most efficiently and impressively, till within a few weeks of her death. Towards the close, on two or three occasions, she became so exhausted as to be unable to proceed in the prayer, and several times, before she could be induced to discontinue the service, she was unable to rise from her knees without assistance. The remembrance is most affecting to my heart. Dear, dear, and blessed A. ! She delighted in the Lord and his service beyond her strength on earth, and assuredly she

is gone to that region of congenial spirits where they evermore serve Him without weariness and without interruption.

Thus, for several years, the dear departed was the exemplary and devoted minister's wife, strengthening his hands, lightening his labours, and soothing his cares; the inseparable and beloved companion in all his duties, associations, employments, and pursuits; and the comforter of his darkest days. Her presence rendered his home happy, and surely he was among the most favoured of men from the Lord. We were as *one heart* and *one soul*, and often did we congratulate each other in the simple but expressive words of the hymn,—

“Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion  
Joys which earth cannot afford.”

I find in a volume of Correspondence, by a late deceased friend, (the Rev. J. T. Nottidge, Ipswich,) the following passage

noted by her own dear hand (page 160):  
“ Let us remember, and say whether goodness and mercy have not followed us day by day, step by step. In many, yea, the far greater number of these steps, we have known, even as it respects this world, much more than the average amount of worldly comfort. And then, if we add to it, the hope of acceptance with God now, and of blessedness with Him hereafter, with how few has the Lord dealt as He hath dealt with us ! Then praise Him for the past, and trust Him for the future.”

But oft at height of noon, the Heavens may gather blackness, darken our fairest prospects, and lay waste “ all our pleasant things.” God’s dealings and dispensations are often painful and mysterious in this world, but designed, in wisdom and in love, to discipline and teach us the most essential lessons. While many, many are left as worse than cumberers of the ground, the best and most desirable are taken away. The flourishing, grateful Gourd

may soon fade and wither, the “*Desire* of our eyes be cut off with a stroke.” “All flesh is grass, and the GOODLINESS of men as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the FLOWER fadeth.” So it was with this goodly, lovely Flower, this fairest specimen of humanity.

Nearly three years ago the health of my dearest partner began to decline, and wasting sickness impaired her delicate frame. At the commencement she suffered sorely, both in body and mind; in the former, from a severe attack of influenza, and her tender heart was sorrow-stricken by the sudden and unexpected death of an only and beloved sister. This affliction shook her soul to the very centre, and awakened its deepest sensibilities, especially lest all should not be safe with the dear deceased for eternity. But afterwards, on due consideration, she found “reasons for repose,” and often rejoiced in hope of meeting her sister in her Saviour’s kingdom. Nor let this painful anxiety be



censured as a morbid sensibility, but rather commended, as most in accordance with the infinite importance of the subject, and with the mind that was in Christ Jesus; (Luke xix. 41;)—a mind of deepest *concern* for the happiness of others. How astonishing the indifference of men,—men professing to believe the grand realities of Revelation, as it regards the salvation both of themselves and their friends! How amazing that they should give sleep to their eyes or slumber to their eyelids, without a well-grounded scriptural evidence, that all is well with them and theirs for eternity! Alas! how prevalent the power of unbelief, or they would fear and tremble! How deadening and stupifying the concerns of time and sense! “We walk by faith, and not by sight,” (2 Cor. v. 7,) is the true Christian’s character.

It has been justly remarked, that “every mind has sooner or later to pass through its peculiar trial; it may be professional,

commercial, domestic, bodily, or mental,"<sup>a</sup> &c. In the case of some minds "of a peculiarly tender, sensitive, and overfine texture," it proves too much both for the nervous and physical system. So, alas! it was with my dearest wife. This affliction pressed deeply and affectingly upon her heart and mind, and her tender spirit became subject to nervous affections. But be it known, and well observed, that its *sympathies* and *antipathies* (as is commonly the case,) were not *interchanged*, and that if on other subjects its interest diminished, her mind gradually concentrated the more simply on the *one* grand subject nearest her heart, Jesus Christ and His salvation. Christ was "all and in all" to her, as He is to every real believer. If memory failed, it failed not here, for it seemed to leave no other name but his recorded there.

During all her declining days, but especially towards the close, Prayer and Praise were her sweet and continual employ. She

could well and remarkably remember all the beautiful hymns, which celebrate the love, the grace, the care, and kindness and sympathy, the faithfulness and power of God our Saviour; nor less did she remember the tunes, and together with her pious and affectionate attendant, would sing them in succession, with all her heart and soul, in sweetest strains. Her spirit appeared here in its most congenial element, and, as it approached the celestial region, it was tuned to concert with the redeemed above. Their song was her song, her theme was Theirs, the "love of Christ in redemption," and her sick-room seemed the very gate, the vicinity of Heaven. Never, never will her tender, angelic tones, her touching and heavenly appearance, the frequent sacred motion of her delicate hands in unison with the words, be erased from my memory; and never, never may their salutary and sanctified impressions pass away.

Occasional visitors could have no con-

ception of the way in which her days were spent. They saw her to disadvantage, and their presence generally produced nervous restlessness, but when they were gone, the "voice of praise and thanksgiving" was immediately heard in our dwelling. Her heart and soul were absorbed in the all-important subject, and seemed restless till it was resumed.

It is interesting and instructive to behold a servant of God under all the dispensations of His hand, but especially in affliction, sickness, and death. Surely "the chamber," where he welcomes his last summons, is privileged beyond all others; and the affecting scenes witnessed there, afford confirmation strong, of the precious truths of the Gospel, a visible evidence of the blessedness of those who live and die in the Lord. *Then* it is that the spirit is proved, that faith and patience are tried and exercised, and the Saviour's faithfulness and love are made manifest. "Heart and flesh may fail, but He is the strength

of the believer's heart, and his portion for ever ;" " I know *whom I have believed;*" "*Thou art with me,*" (Ps. xxii.,) is the sweet and sustaining confidence founded on the promise which cannot fail.

Scarcely can I trust myself to attempt any description of what passed during the last days of my dearest companion on earth. About five weeks previous to her departure, she was altogether confined to her sick-room, and chiefly to her languishing bed ; but though she slept well, as she had ever done, and took considerable nourishment, yet the mortal frame rapidly wasted away, and at length sunk from extreme debility and exhaustion.

The following are a few imperfect delineations of this affecting scene ; but no representation could ever portray the reality, though it were given by the most glowing pencil of the Painter. No imagination can conceive the looks, the language, the cheerful but tender tones of voice, the strains of ejaculatory prayer and continual

praise. How often in her own inimitable strain would she break forth in the words of the hymn :—

“ O what shall I do my Saviour to praise !  
 So faithful, so true, so plenteous in grace ;  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon Him.”

She requested that the appointed Psalms of the day should be read by her attendant, morning and evening, and some suitable prayers, chiefly from Jenks, offered for her and with her, when now unable to bow her own knees. And often, often, again and again, in the fulness of my heart, did I utter my appeals to our God and Father, in some short supplication or intercession on her behalf ; or repeat some portion or promise of His Holy Word, or some parts of her favourite hymns—in all of which she would ever fervently unite. The promises of the Saviour were precious to her heart, she felt her *need and her dependence* upon them, and His name was

like ointment poured forth, fragrant and refreshing to her soul.

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,”  
was a favourite hymn, and how truly she  
proved its conclusion !

“Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath,  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.”

When able she would read a little in the Scriptures, and also in the “Memoirs of Mrs. Hawkes,” Mrs. Stevens, and others of a similar kind ; and I generally observed that she dwelt on that page in Mrs. H., where is quoted the following verse :—

“In feebleness extreme,  
Jesus, my only hope thou art :  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart, &c.,  
Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity !”

But her chief employ, as before stated, was in the music and melody of the Redeemed, to the praise and glory of the

Redeemer. The beautiful hymns (I again repeat) which extol His divine character and perfections, the unsearchable riches of His grace, were continually sounding forth in strains that would have arrested the dumbest ear, and melted the hardest heart:—

“Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
Or angels ever bore,  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.”

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,” &c.

“Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find.”

“Begone unbelief,  
My Saviour is near;  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear,” &c.

“God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,” &c.

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,



“ When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside, &c.  
 Land me safe on Canaan’s side,  
 Songs of praises, songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.”

---

“ Children of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey sweetly sing.”

---

“ Blessed are the sons of God,” &c.

---

“ What sinners value I resign,  
 Lord, ’tis enough that thou art mine,” &c.

---

“ Incarnate God ! the soul that knows  
 Thy name’s mysterious power,  
 Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,  
 Nor fear the trying hour.”

---

“ There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign,” &c.

---

“ There is a happy land,  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day.”

The above are but a few specimens of  
 the “ Spiritual Songs ” in which she sang  
 and made melody in her heart to the Lord.  
 And let it be recorded, to the praise of the

same Lord, "who wrought so effectually in her," that this harmonious flow of soul was not impeded by those breaks and interruptions of evil or unlovely humours which too often disturb a sick-room. Irritability, discontent, and impatience with what is done for them,—a selfish disregard of the services and feelings of others, too often arise and prevail, in those of whom we might hope better things. But, though afflicted in a way that would have broken the sweetest temper, yet love and kindness prevailed to all around my dearest wife. No discontent or dissatisfaction, no finding of fault with what was done or provided for her,—the invariable reply was, "It is *very* good," or "very nice." Her attachment to her attendant daily increased in affectionate gratitude, and the tender perpetual flow of affection for her husband ran through all she said or looked or did, in a thousand touching ways. It was deemed a privilege to wait upon her; and for myself it was a melancholy happiness daily

and hourly, for the last year and a half, to minister to her alleviation and comfort. Never till parting came could I have imagined how much my life was bound up in her life, or the effect of this heart-rending bereavement; but on my own sorrows I will say little. They are peculiar to the individual, and such as a stranger intermeddleth not with. God only knows, and God only can relieve and sustain under them. His Sovereignty is sufficient to silence me, but His love and mercy and pity in Christ Jesus may solace my heaviest hours. He alone who formed our frame, sees the heart and understands its peculiar temperament and susceptibilities, and knows the state and condition of the sufferer; who, Himself, when He dwelt among us, was “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” that He might be touched with a feeling of sympathy for us;—He alone can uphold and comfort. It is He with whom I have to do,—God our Lord and Saviour. I am not ignorant of

His design in this distressing dispensation ; I see His hand, I hear His voice, and I mourn that there is a needs be for so grievous a chastisement. I am called *to act solitary faith*, and exercise momentary resignation, to have my hopes and anticipations attracted, and more firmly fixed above, to live more simply as a stranger and pilgrim on earth, and walk “softly all my days.” I will, therefore, endeavour to “*encourage myself* in the Lord my God,” and think of the sources of consolation, particularly in reference to the dear departed one. Where is my dearest A. now? She is safe, and happy, and blessed, and glorified together with Christ, and for her sake (lone and bereft as I am) I will rejoice and give thanks. She “is delivered from the burden of the flesh into joy and felicity,” she lived and died in the Lord, and is blessed for evermore. Then “why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope still in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is

the health of my countenance and my God."

I am not insensible to the kind condolence of many Christian friends, and I beg them to accept my cordial thanks. May I request them still to remember a brother in tribulation, however unworthy, at the Throne of Grace?

I proceed with my narrative. But who shall tell the story of my dear companion's departure, or what passed during the last hours she lingered below? On Friday, March 5, she passed, almost for the first time, a restless night. When quietly retired to repose, her husband pressed the hand that was ever locked in his in sleep, and said, as usual, after a short sentence or two of prayer,—“Good night, dearest A., God bless you;” and the fervent response was,—“God bless you, my dearest love,” and again,—“God bless you.

“Now, my dear, be still, and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;”

and she continued,—

“ Heavenly blessings without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.”

Ah! little, little did I think it would be the last night together in this world! O the stern, the inexorable reality of Death! This night your dearest and endeared partner may be laid by your side in all the sympathies of affection, and comfort of Christian communion; to-morrow stretched on the same bed, a lifeless corpse, cold as marble, which all the tears, and anguish, and entreaties of a breaking heart cannot move. How uncertain and insecure the tenure of our best blessings here! How *dependent every moment* for life, and breath, and all things! and how sad the condition of those united below, who cannot feel or hope “that they *are heirs together*” of eternal life hereafter!

The night was spent in restless dozing, during which she would be frequently repeating, though in broken, faltering sentences, her favourite hymns; but when

the morning arose, after some refreshment, she appeared much better and brighter, and a glow of health seemed to lighten her face. Her medical attendant (for whom I had sent a special messenger) arrived about eleven o'clock, and found her (he considered) much improved since yesterday, and she continued thus till the afternoon, when again she became restless, and unable to obtain any repose in sleep. But still she continued in the same sweet and peaceful state of mind, joining in the songs of Zion; and when unable to sing, repeating the words, though sometimes almost inarticulately, through extreme exhaustion. As the shadows of the evening drew on, the last evening in the week, and the eventide of the Sabbath (as if emblematic of ceasing from toil, and about to enter eternal rest),—on entering her room, as my custom was after tea, she addressed me in her own sweet way,—“Come, dearest love, come to me.” I did so, and knelt down by her bedside, and

taking her hand in mine, appealed in the fulness of my heart to the Lord in prayer, chiefly in the words of our solemn Litany, and ended with, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion," &c.; "In all time of our tribulation, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment." She followed in the most emphatic manner, and concluded before me,—**"GOOD LORD, DELIVER US!"** Her attendants soon entered the room, and sang a hymn, and then she herself commenced,—

"Jesu, lover of my soul;"

but was unable through debility to proceed, when her nurse asked her if she should finish it. "Yes, oh, yes!" and she again joined in—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;"

but again extreme weakness compelled her almost to cease. Seeing the end (as I feared) approaching, I commended her



soul to her Saviour, and repeated the last verse of an affecting piece she had often sung :—

“ O Saviour, gently, gently lead  
Along the painful way.”

She followed me in a whispering, faltering voice; and then, uttering the simple supplication, “ Come, Lord, come and help me ! ” laid back her head on her pillow ; and, after one last inexpressible look upon me, raised her eyes heavenward, and heaving one gentle sigh,—the spirit departed, and, without a struggle or a moan, she sweetly “ fell asleep in Jesus.”

The heavenly impression (as it were the celestial day dawning on her beautiful countenance) will ever be remembered by all that beheld it. So lived and so died this devoted follower of Jesus, and He was magnified in her life and in her death. To Him be all the praise !

But perhaps the foregoing account may be suspected of partiality or exaggeration,

as biassed by the fervent affection of a husband, or the natural desire to cast the infirmities of our departed relatives into the shade; and therefore I am induced, and strongly urged by a brother clergyman to subjoin a few particulars from another source, on which no such suspicion can rest. These particulars were supplied without any dictation or suggestions of mine, and may serve to confirm the statement I have given; and at the same time to show the influence (by grace) of genuine religion in a Mistress on her Domestics.

“A Sacred Memorial to the Memory of a dearly beloved and ever to be lamented Mistress.

“The dear lady passed through a long and painful illness which would have weighed down the spirit of the strongest; but she was upheld by an Almighty power, and supported in a most wonderful and mysterious way, unknown to any except those intimately associated with her. It may be truly said of her, before

the Lord was pleased to lay upon her the afflictive dispensation which terminated in her most valuable life, 'she walked with God.' It was her meat and drink to do the will of her heavenly Father. 'She was either doing good or gaining good.' When alone she was frequently upon her knees, either pleading for herself or others. Most truly in her character and every-day life were developed the fruits of the Spirit, as described by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians, chap. v.:— 'Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' She lived in the Spirit and walked in the Spirit, and all through her illness has she been led, guided, supported, and comforted by the same blessed Spirit. 'Praying always,' searching the Scriptures, and making melody in her heart to the Lord, were her delight. And when her dear affectionate mind became by affliction less able,—oh, how she used to lament her inability to perform her *devotions as formerly*; yet then it was her

privilege and daily habit continually to lift up her heart in ejaculatory prayer to God. It was her own earnest wish, when she became confined to her room and bed, that I should read and pray with and for her, morning and evening. The Psalms appointed for the day were our morning and evening portions, with which she always appeared much interested, especially such as appeared at all applicable to her own case. And oh, how anxiously did those dear expressive eyes follow me round the room, to assure herself I was preparing for the sweet and sacred employment; and if she thought I was for omitting it, she would remind me so sweetly and earnestly of my duty.

“ On Sunday, Feb. 1, she appeared not so well as usual, but sat up most of the day, and spent her time in reading her Bible, and portions from the Life of Mrs. Hawkes, which she always read with great attention, making remarks upon any passage that particularly interested her, or

repeating it aloud as it occurred to her mind afterwards. She likewise read several of those excellent and admirable Letters of the Rev. Henry Venn, with which she was always much interested; and the remainder of the day we spent in singing those very beautiful hymns in which she so much delighted. This day will long, long be remembered by one, whose privilege it was to minister to all her little wants and wishes, as the last day she was able to walk down stairs, or sit up, except for an hour or two at a time.

“ *Feb. 2.*—Very ill, and continued so for several days. Though in a very weak and exhausted state, she listened very attentively to portions of the Word of God, and joined, as well as her weakness would allow, in singing her favourite hymns. One commencing,—

“ ‘ O Zion, when I muse on thee,’  
she always sung with great feeling; and another is that beautiful hymn,—

“ ‘ Jesu, lover of my soul;’

the words of which were continually on her lips, either in singing or repeating them audibly, apparently in prayer. The last verse but one of that solemn hymn,—

“ ‘ Oft as the bell with solemn toll,’

she used to repeat daily in a most affecting manner.

“ ‘ Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in Thee.’

“ ‘ Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,’ &c.

“ *March 1 and 2.*—My dear mistress awoke apparently much better, on Tuesday; so much better, I was quite delighted to look upon her peaceful, happy, beaming countenance; and it was really cheering to all around to hear her sweet voice ascending in prayer and praise to the God of her life. She generally awoke singing,—

“ ‘ Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace?’

“ She spent a most happy and peaceful day. She sat up two hours in the morning, and read a portion of the Word of

God and Mrs. Hawkes, and in the evening she sat up again and read Mrs. H. We then concluded the day as usual, in singing those beautiful hymns which were her joy and delight.

“ On Friday morning she awoke praising her God and Saviour, though very ill. She continued in a weak and exhausted state all the day; and though too weak at times to join in singing, the dear, dear lady repeated the hymns for me line by line, and I sang them for her. She passed a very, very restless night, and on Saturday morning, March 6, was very ill till about nine o'clock, when she revived, and became so wonderfully better we were all quite astonished but delighted to see her. But ‘ the Lord’s ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.’ He was indeed gently leading her along the painful way. Though she was then entering the valley of the shadow of death, her blessed Saviour was with her, and his rod and staff supporting her. She sat up

for some time, and read several of her dear sister's letters, in one of which was mentioned the *sudden* death of a Nobleman, when she remarked, 'it was a solemn thing to die, even when prepared for our change.' I said,—'But what a happy change to the Christian!' She sweetly replied,—'O yes, yes!' She then asked me to sing her a hymn she much delighted in:—

" ' Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their dying bed.

" ' They die in Jesus and are blest,  
How kind their slumbers are;  
From suffering and from sin released,  
They're freed from every snare.

" ' Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a sure reward.'

" She always spoke of her death with the sweetest calmness and composure;



and on one occasion, when we had been singing—

“ ‘ Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!’

she remarked, ‘My dear sister is now singing that song, and ere long I shall join her.’ On another occasion, when speaking of the death of her sister, I ventured to ask her, ‘should it please the Lord to call her, had she any fear whatever of the last enemy?’ when she looked at me very earnestly, and sweetly replied,—‘Oh, no, no fear whatever.’ When I said— ‘Oh, no, there is no fear but you *can join the song, for you know the tune.* It has been your delight to praise your Saviour on earth, and soon He will take you to himself, to unite with that blessed company above,’ when she immediately added,—‘Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto Him be glory and honour, thanksgiving and praise, now and for ever.’

“ On Saturday afternoon she became

much worse, and continued so. At her request, I read to her several portions of the Word of God and a short prayer. She appeared in silent prayer, repeating at intervals,—

“ ‘ Gently, gently lead  
 Along the painful way ;  
 I’m going home.

“ ‘ Jesus, thy home is mine ;  
 And I thy Father’s child,  
 With hopes and joys divine,  
 This world’s a weary wild,  
 I’m going home.

“ ‘ *Home*, Oh how soft and sweet  
 It thrills upon the heart ;  
*Home*, where the brethren meet,  
 And never, never part.  
 I’m going home.

“ ‘ *Home*, where the Bridegroom takes  
 The purchase of His love ;  
*Home*, where the Father waits,  
 To welcome her above.  
 I’m going home.’

“ She continued very restless during the whole of the evening, but, though so

ill, requested she might be got up to sit in her chair, to take her tea, and I gently assisted her to do so. After tea she wished to return to bed, saying she was much exhausted. I then sang her the hymn,

“ ‘ Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,’

which she, dear lady, repeated as well as she could, line by line, and word by word.

“ Just as we concluded, her affectionate husband, whom she always greeted with the warmest tenderness, and whose footsteps she always listened for and hailed with delight, came to sit with her while I went to my tea. When I returned I saw an alarming change had taken place and life was fast drawing to a close. My sister was called, whom she welcomed with a smile, and called her by name. The hymn was sung, and I sat supporting her while her husband knelt by her bedside in deepest sorrow, with her dear hands clasped in his, commending her spirit

to her Saviour. He uttered, and she endeavoured to follow,—

“ ‘ Gently, gently lead  
Along the painful way.’ ”

She now tried to sing or repeat a verse of her favourite hymn,

“ ‘ Thou, O Christ, art all I want,’ ”

but failed, and I began to sing it for her, in which she made a last effort to join me. Her breathing became more difficult, when she sweetly said in a whisper, ‘ *Come, Lord, come and help me.*’ It was now very evident that her happy spirit was departing, and her afflicted husband again commended it into her Saviour’s hands. She gently laid her head upon her pillow, and fixed her beaming, heavenly eyes first on her dearest partner, and then turning them upward, with a countenance truly angelic, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

“ I thank God it has been my happy privilege, through her long and painful illness, to attend upon her, and Oh! may her example

stimulate me—may I be enabled patiently to suffer as she patiently endured, and having followed her as she followed Christ, may we meet in heaven, where parting is unknown, and unite in ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.—*M. D.*”

Such is the unbiassed testimony of a faithful and pious attendant. You will say, this was a rare and peculiar character. It was ; but it is no fiction—it is a reality—and I have spoken the truth in love. I do not pretend that my dearest wife had no failings, but even her failings leaned to virtue’s side, and sure I am that not one-half, worthy of imitation, can ever be told.

But, observe, my dear friends, from this example, *how a Christian, a true Christian, lives, and how he dies*. Not like other men ; he may be a rare character, but he is a *reality*. There is life, and soul, and meaning in his religion. It is not the form or name, but the *power* of godliness. Quickened and renewed by “the Lord and

giver of life," he devotes himself, body, soul, and spirit, to God, and His blessed service. "The life he lives in the flesh he lives by faith on the Son of God," derives grace and strength from his all-sufficiency, seeks conformity with him, "and walks religiously in good works." "He is not of this world," but with other views and feelings of both worlds, of himself, and of his Saviour, he follows Christ fully in the regeneration, and is preparing, by communion and fellowship with Him here, for His presence and glory hereafter. Though far from what he would be, and utterly renouncing any claim of his own to the Divine favour, resting simply and solely on the merits and righteousness of Jesus for acceptance, yet he is pressing on, cultivating that mind and spirit which will fit him for the skies, and will never rest till he awake up after his Saviour's likeness. (Ps. xvii. 16; 1 John iii. 2.)

Such was the example of entire devotion,

or real, personal religion set before us. Oh, be animated to emulate her devotion, to follow her steps and trace her heavenward flight. But seek the same grace from the same source. (Luke xi. 9—13.) “Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find,” &c. “He is able and He is willing to do abundantly above all we can ask or even think.” (Eph. iii. 16—20.)

It may be a mystery, how spirit works upon spirit, but the *fact* is certain, and every man knows it by experience, in communion and fellowship with his fellow-men; and cannot and does not the Spirit of God, (“the God of the spirits of all flesh”) work effectually on the soul of man, however mysteriously, as our Lord declares (John iii. 8), and produce wonderful results?

Most assuredly He can marvellously enlighten, renew, transform, and sanctify the spirit. He it is that “convinces of sin, leads to Christ, and glorifies Him.” He unites the soul with the Saviour, “so that we dwell in Him and He in us. We are

one with Christ, and Christ with us.”  
 “The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost (Romans v. 5), and He teaches us “how to pray, and what to pray for as we ought.” (Chap. viii. 26.) He is the promised Comforter of Christ’s followers, and by his sweet and powerful influence can sustain and console those that are cast down. He gives songs in the night of this weary pilgrimage, and conducts to regions of everlasting day. (Vide chaps. xiv., xv., xvi. of St. John’s Gospel.)

These operations were distinctly evident in her, whose loss we mourn, and made her what she was; and we are hereby encouraged to implore the same Divine visitations (for they are equally promised to us), that we may be moulded into the same image, possess the same hope, and peace, and consolation, and follow her, as she followed Christ.

But while we contemplate her general Christian character, there are some parti-



cular features deserving special attention, and especially the attention of females. Mark in her the *patience*, the *meekness*, *gentleness*, and *love of Christ*.

There is much truth in the trite remark, that "*temper is everything*," and a Divine authority informs us that "a *meek and quiet spirit*" is of great price in the sight of God. (1 Pet. iii. 4.) Ye wives may render your husbands and your homes miserable by your unruly and unrestrained tempers ; but ye husbands, remember your obligation, "*Love your wives*, and be not bitter against them." Certain it is that religion has done nothing for either men or women, (whatever may be the high profession of some,) except it has rectified and does daily rectify, regulate, and influence the temper and dispositions in the relative and domestic sphere of life. Live together as heirs of immortality, and oh, if you would have your lot with God's people in time and eternity, cultivate their spirit, and so "live in this world that in

the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

2dly. And may not the Minister's wife, or the mistress of a family, learn a lesson from this beloved wife and mistress. Yes, let their influence, like hers, be all employed for good, and it may be they will find the blessing and the comfort of it, even in this world. They may find their declining days and dying bed smoothed by grateful affection and tender attention, and their spirit cheered with the sacred truths and sacred songs, which they themselves have taught. They may pass the verge of death with the prayers, and blessing, and tears, and love of their dependents, and leave in their heart and in their memory the surest testimony of esteem and affection. They may part but for a while, with the sure and certain hope of soon meeting again in their Saviour's presence and glory. But what can be expected, when there is little or no fear of God in the household, and servants are

left in ignorance and unconcern, in vanity and vice? "The curse of the Lord is in the dwelling of the wicked," and misery and unhappiness will be found there; but He blesseth the families that call upon His name. (Prov. iii. 33.)

3dly. This example may speak to the careless, the prayerless, and the profane. It speaks in reproof and admonition. How long, ye thoughtless ones, will you neglect your soul, your Saviour, and His great Salvation? How long make this poor, passing world, and the poor, perishing body, your chief concern; "minding earthly things." Perceive ye not the blessedness of true religion; how well adapted to the case and condition of man, —his wants, his woes, his happiness here and hereafter? You are a sinner, but here is a mighty and all-sufficient Saviour. You *MUST* *be* a sufferer and a sorrower in this vale of tears; but He came "to comfort all that mourn," and will support, relieve, and deliver out of all your afflictions. Nay

He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, pitifully beholds the sorrows of our hearts, and will favourably hear our prayers. In short, He will give *grace* here, and *glory* hereafter; and blessed are all they that seek, and serve, and trust in Him. How long, then, how long will ye neglect your own mercies? How long turn aside and desire not the knowledge of His ways—account His service and His Sabbaths a weariness, disobey the Gospel, and hasten on with the multitude in the broad road? *What will be the end?* In what place and what company do you expect to spend eternity? Not, surely, with those who have loved, and served, and delighted in God their Saviour on earth—not with those who have sought communion with Him as the joy of their hearts in the secret chamber, in the social circle, and the congregation of the saints?—not with those to whose pleasures and employments you are altogether averse? No, no. Then consider, *where*, Oh *where*, (dwell on that

little word, WHERE,) shall the ungodly appear? Every man must go to "his own place," his own element, his own company, that for which he has been fitting and preparing below. The vessels of mercy are preparing for "glory, and honour, and immortality;" and "verily, verily, (said our Lord,) I say unto thee, Except a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." (John iii. 3.) Cry earnestly for that new heart and right spirit, that you may follow the footsteps of His flock, and be preparing to meet your God. *Look to the end.* How often have the trifling, the worldliness, the neglect of God, His holy day, His Word, and His ways, grieved the heart of my dearest Associate, and how many prayers hath she uttered on your behalf! Oh, let them not be in vain; may they descend in blessing on your head!

Lastly. To the humble, sincere followers of Jesus, "she being dead yet speaketh." "Come, kindred spirits, come away.

‘Set your affections on things above, where Christ is, and with us in heart and mind continually dwell.’ Why linger, or loiter, or cleave to the earth? Cleave simply and solely to Jesus, and He will guide you safe home. You are weak, but He is mighty; and you, like me, will prove His faithfulness, love, and power, in time and in eternity. Rely on His promises; they cannot fail. You have found them true in life, you will in death. Harken to the voice of His word, and He will ‘conduct you by His counsel, and afterward receive you into glory.’ Though heart and flesh may fail, He will be, to you, as He was to me, ‘the strength of your heart and your portion for ever.’ ‘Though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, ye need fear no evil, for He will be with you,’ and smoothe the painful path to regions of light and glory. Sickness, and suffering, and death, are the pathway to Eternal life. He trod it before us, and thus consecrated the way, and opened the

‘kingdom of Heaven to all Believers.’ Press forward, press forward, ‘looking unto Jesus,’ and looking to the end. Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, ‘and receive you to himself, that where I am there ye may be also.’ Remember ‘the Communion of saints,’ some on earth and some in heaven, but all ‘knit together in *one* fellowship’ in Christ, and ere long shall all be united in His eternal kingdom and glory. We have *one* Lord, and *one* everlasting home. How will my joy abound, to meet and welcome you among those who come hither out of ‘great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;’ and we shall join together in the everlasting song, ‘Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, and redeemed us to God; to Him be glory, and honour, and praise, and power for ever and ever. Amen, and Amen.’”









